

THE CHRONICLE

VOL. VII NO. 8.

CROSSFIELD ALBERTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1914.

PRICE 5¢ A YEAR.

LAUT BROS.

OWING to the unusually mild winter, we find ourselves with more heating stoves on hand than we wish to carry over until next season, so we are pricing them this week at figures never before offered in Crossfield, that not only mean a real saving to customers, but means that it is economy to purchase a stove now if you have the slightest need for it.

1 Only "Very Hot Blast", No. 80 Formerly \$22.50. NOW ..	\$18.75
1 Only "Belle Oak", No. 16 Formerly \$22.00 NOW ..	\$18.25
1 Only "Belle Oak", No. 14 Formerly \$19.00 NOW ..	\$15.20
1 Only "Belle Oak", No. 12 Formerly \$15.00 NOW ..	\$12.50
1 Only "Sunbeam", No. 17 Formerly \$14.00 NOW ..	\$11.50
1 Only "Sunbeam", No. 15 Formerly \$11.00 NOW ..	\$ 8.80
1 Only "Sunbeam", No. 13 Formerly \$11.00 NOW ..	\$ 7.30

Laut Brothers,
HARDWARE & GROCERIES.

Local and General:

D. J. Harvie of Calgary and a former townsman was a visitor to town on Saturday last.

Carstairs defeated Crossfield in a hockey game last Friday afternoon here to the tune of 4 to nil.

Mrs. A. W. Gordon who has been seriously ill is somewhat improved in health.

G. F. Stock of the Washington Alberta Land Co. is at present enjoying a trip to California.

See the FilCo Store attachment at W. McRory and Sons.

The Quadrille Club Dance last Thursday night was well patronised and a very enjoyable evening was spent by those present.

J. S. Davis of Edmonton is spending a few days in the district.

Misses A. Ruddy and T. Stafford returned on Tuesday last from the Agricultural College at Oids where they have been taking a course in Domestic Science.

We are informed that Collins Bros. have purchased the Barber Shop connected with the Pool Room from V. Fisher, and A. Wells, of Calgary, is attending to that part of the business for the present.

E. S. McRory left this A.M. to attend the Convention of Fairs Associations being held in Calgary today and to-morrow. At this Convention all the Fair dates for the province will be set.

The School Board held a meeting on Monday afternoon when a number of questions dealing with the welfare of the district were disposed of.

Ontkes and Thomes still continue to ship two or three carload of hogs weekly to the Calgary market, sending out three cars during the week just passed.

Have your skates ground to a nicety at W. McRory and Sons.

If you require to renew your old Loan or take out a new one, call and see me, as I can save you money. I represent the N. of Scotland Can. Mortgage Co., The Canada Life, and others.
Chas. Hultgren.

Rev. A. B. Argue of Oids, T. G. Armstrong B. A. Carstairs, T. A. Brown, Airdrie, and Burton Effrick of Irricana, were at the Parsonage to-day Thursday attending a meeting of the Oids District Ministerial Association.

The Maids and Matrons of Crossfield are expecting a good attendance at their Social on Friday evening 6th inst. let us hope that a Chinook may warm up things a little before then.

Our local hockey team should have played Airdrie a return match to-day Thursday but owing to extreme cold weather it was called off.

RIGHT NOW.

We claim your attention to inform you that this is the time of the year that you should decide in favor of installing **EAVETROUGHING** and **SOFT WATER TANKS**.

Let Us Estimate?

The cost to you, which we can figure down to the last cent and then it is up to you to decide as to whether you can afford to be without these conveniences.

We Are Sure,

Of your work, if **PRICE, WORKMANSHIP** and **QUALITY OF MATERIAL** used is taken into consideration.

W. McRory & Sons,

HARDWARE SPECIALISTS AND HEATING EXPERTS.

FARMERS MEAT MARKET.

J. L. GUNSOLLY, Proprietor.

W. TIMS, Manager.

Best prices paid for all kinds of Live Stock. We also handle Butter and Eggs. Try our Noted Home made Sausage and Kettle rendered Lard.

FRESH & CURED MEAT & FISH always on hand.

Our Motto: Quality and Prices right.

Crossfield,

Alta.

Atlas Lumber Co., Ltd.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Roofing Paper, Building Paper, Brick, Lime, Plaster Cement, Sash and Doors, Moulding, Oak Dimension

WOOD and COAL ALWAYS ON HAND.

Let us give you estimates

G. P. Blanchard, LOCAL MANAGER.

CHAS. HULTGREN

Notary Public and Commissioner for taking Affidavits

Conveyancing of all kinds of Legal Papers such as TRANSFERS, MORTGAGES, AGREEMENTS OF SALE, LEASES, BILLS OF SALE, Etc. INSURANCE and LOANS my Speciality.

Houses For Rent and Rents Collected

CHAS. HULTGREN, Crossfield

W. BROWN,

IS OPEN TO BUY

ALL KINDS OF HIDES.

Best Cash Price Given.

CROSSFIELD, Alta.

Farmers Repair

Shop

Special Attention Given to

BLACKSMITHING.

Blacksmith's Coal for Sale.

PRICES RIGHT

ALEX JESSIMAN, - Prop.

WELL DRILLING.

Wells Drilled by Day or Contract, any depth.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

For terms, etc., apply to

D. A. McArthur & M. Asmussen.

or W. McRory & Sons,

CROSSFIELD.

Fresh Supply of

DIAMOND DYES.

All Colors.

Also COMPLETE STOCK

of

DIYOLA DYES.

MENRICK THOMAS, Druggist

THE BLUE PENNANT

And a Little Wisp of Stained and Tattered Silk.

By PHILIP KEAN.

Helen Marshall was always dressed with a demureness that made an effective foil for the bronze brightness of her hair, the warm ivory of her skin, the red of her lips. Today she wore blue—a trim tailored gown of deep colored cloth, a little cocky felt hat and a great bunch of violets that outlined all the lines except that of the pennant which she carried at the end of a slender case.

"You beauty!" Holden said under his breath as he took his seat beside her on the grand stand.

She turned quickly. "Oh, Irwin," her face was brilliant with color. "It's worth everything to see you again! Aunt Sue," she said to the lady beside her, "this is Irwin Holden, the famous halfback of two years ago."

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" Irwin coughed solemnly. "There have been so many famous halfbacks, Helen, that it isn't any wonder that Mrs. McDonald doesn't remember me."

"But I do remember," Mrs. McDonald assured him. "Helen has talked of you so much—and," she hesitated, "of your accident."

"I haven't been able to walk well on two feet since," Holden said grimly, "and this is the first time I have dared let myself see. It makes me mild."

"To think that you can't play!" Helen's tone was sympathetic.

"I wish I couldn't ever do things that make a man worth while!" bitterly.

"But you have done so many things that are worth while, and they tell me that you are writing a book."

"Oh, a book!" His tone was scornful.

"You might have let me know what you were doing!" she complained. "I thought our old friendship deserved that."

He glanced down at her. "Ah, our friendship," he said. "I had two good feet when we cemented that, Helen. I wasn't a dummy on crutches."

"Irwin," she flashed out reproachfully, "as if that made any difference!"

"But it does make a difference," he said as he bent over her. "You know you worship strength in a man, don't you?"

"Yes," she agreed quietly, "but not always mere physical strength."

"The one isn't much without the other. Look at those fellows now."

Down the field came the teams. The hands of the opposing sides crashed out the good old tunes, college yell succeeded college yell, and the banks of spectators stretching up and on the seats in solid masses of blue and crimson were agitated to uproariousness.

"Isn't it fine? Isn't it fine?" Helen said breathlessly, having cheered the blue team to the echo.

Helen nodded.

"They are bound to win," he said. "They are made of the right stuff."

"I know only one of them personally," Helen told him—"Van Dora."

"He's the strongest man in the lot. He's an ideal halfback."

"He is ideal in more ways than one," she agreed.

He flashed a quick glance at her. "I have heard you talk since."

"Some of the fellows."

She turned her back on him squarely. "I didn't suppose that you talked me over with the fellows," she said over her shoulder.

"I don't," uncomfortably, "but one couldn't help hearing that Van Dora is awfully dirty over you."

"So were you—three years ago."

She said it daintily, giving him a glimpse of flaming cheeks and indignant eyes, and then more he was forced to concede the knot of bronze hair under the curly hat.

His face went white, but he said quietly, "We are missing the best of the game," and turned his attention to the field.

All about them people were absorbed by the play. Aunt Sue, interested and tutored in football, was so oblivious to everything else. These two alone thought of other things.

It was at Van Dora's touchdown that the place went wild.

"Oh, he's great, great, great!" Helen enthused as she waved her pennant frantically. "I haven't seen anything like it since the last game you played, Irwin. Oh, do you remember the little blue pennant that I made you pin to your sweater for luck—and it didn't bring you luck?"

"No," he said dully, "it didn't bring me luck. I lost the game, I lost the

strength I stored up—I lost you, Irwin."

"No, no," she protested. "You knew you always had my friendship, Irwin."

"But I didn't want friendship, and you knew it. I knew it. And I hadn't the right to ask for anything else, and so I kept away from you. But after two years of separation the temptation to see you was too great, so I sent you the tickets and asked you to come to the game."

"The whole crowd was changed when I read your letter," she said simply. "I have missed you so, dear boy."

"Then for a moment he let himself go. "Oh, Helen, Helen!" he said brokenly.

But the game was over, and a tumultuous throng poured out of the seats. Irwin wants us to go to dinner with him, Aunt Sue," Helen said as they went down the steps.

In their walk across the green they attracted more than usual attention, the younger boys admiring Helen's beauty, the older ones recognizing in the man with the crutch the famous halfback of two years ago, who had then been reported engaged to the girl by his side.

Van Dora, flushed with victory, came up to their table at the college inn. "I've won your pennant, Miss Marshall," he said, looking like a young god with a great, strong figure, his hair black as ebony and his eyes blue as the sky.

"Did I promise it?" Helen asked quickly.

"Indeed you did," he stated solemnly. "And I shall wear it like a knight for his lady."

With eyes avoiding Helen's, Helen uttered the blue trophy slowly from the case. In the light of the whole room Van Dora placed it in his hands. He did it triumphantly, bent over her with an air of possession that made Helen feel his lips nearly and turn to a tense study of the room.

"May I come here and get some more?" Van Dora asked, but Helen shook her head.

"I wish I could," he said, "but I wish if you have a minute you'd show Aunt Sue the trophy room. She has never seen it."

"As they went away she faced Helen.

"Oh, he took things so for granted," she told him. "I promised as I might to any of the college fellows. But what will people think?"

"What I think," Helen said slowly, "that you are going to marry Van Dora."

"He's steady enough," she said, "but I wish if you have a minute you'd show Aunt Sue the trophy room. She has never seen it."

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BAKU, THE BLACK CITY.

Chief Center of the Petroleum Industry in Russia.

Baku, on the Caspian sea, is the chief center of the petroleum industry in Russia. Baku, in surroundings of desolation, finds employment in the production of naphtha for 200,000 persons. This mixed population of Russians, Tartars and Persians is wholly dependent on the industry.

One of the most important groups of oil wells operated in the district constitutes what is known as the Black City. Here, encircled by the hills of the naphtha beds, and rising from the slackened surface are a number of grim towers that indicate the position of the wells. The ascent process of extraction is by a windmill that works a hoist apparatus whereby the clammy mixture is drawn up. It is then conveyed to the refinery. To distill each well costs between \$80,000 and \$100,000, according to the nature of the soil and its depth. First, of course, is a big risk in the business.

Last year the daily output per well in Baku was sixty-four barrels of forty-two gallons each. The entire field has shrunk to fifty-eight barrels. During the first six months of the present year the quantity of naphtha produced in Baku amounted to 24,000 barrels against 27,780,000 in 1911. This shows a decrease of 4.08 per cent, although the number of wells in operation was augmented.

Therefore, there is no immediate fear of a naphtha famine, prices are not likely to go down—Herald's Weekly.

FLAME CHECKING DOORS.

New Device for Stopping Dust Explosions Fires in Mines.

Doors that will automatically shut when fire comes along and throw pans of water over the oncoming flames are the latest devices for stopping the terrible dust explosions in coal mines. The real marvel of the doors is that they do not wait until the fire gets to them, but promptly go into action while there is still time to shut off the flames.

The doors, placed at intervals along the main passages, are normally kept shut by a balance arm and a weight. A dust explosion in a coal mine causes rapidly through all the open passages, but the doors are preceded by a sudden draft of air pressure. This draft will shut the doors in time to beat off the flames, and as the doors slam the water from the pans is thrown in the direction from which the fire is coming.

The same principle of utilizing the precursive air wave is the basis of most of the systems now rapidly being applied in coal mines to check the dust explosions.

One method that has had much attention of late is to keep all the passages well sprinkled with stone dust, with piles of it stored on shelves along the passageways. When the air wave comes along ahead of the fire this stone dust is stirred up and the air acts something like a blanket in smothering the coal dust flames—Saturday Evening Post.

Daylight at All Hours.

Dr. Herbert B. Ives of London has invented daylight, he says. Scientists now have a way of trying to accomplish this task. Dr. Ives has been at work for at least a dozen, and he asserts he has finally succeeded.

"How could I come? How could I ask you to marry me?"

"How does any man ask?" blushing.

"But other men are not crimples."

"Oh, what did I ever do to make you say that?" she asked.

"I have never doubted it even when you were away."

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A FEMALE POPE.

Religious Woman Founds New Religion.

A woman in Plock, Poland, Mary Koslowska, is, in the estimation of her fanatical followers, a pope—the only woman pope in the world.

The secret of her rise to power lies in the fact that she sees visions and acts on them. She takes no decision before going into a trance, when, she says, voices from heaven tell her what to do.

She was past forty when the first vision came to her at her workroom making vestments for the canons at the old cathedral up on the hill. She told young priests that she had talked with God and the Blessed Virgin.

She began to hold prayer meetings, where more and more people came, and she then vowed to destroy the anticlericalism they believed to be at the heart of all the world's ills.

Scores rallied round her, taking strictest vows of self-sacrifice and poverty. They had simple lives, eat no meat, drink no alcohol, so barefooted in the shapeliest frock, wear white skirts and their skins and devote their lives to the poor.

For them the will of emperors is the will of God. They have not openly avowed measures may only be resisted by prayer. They are most earnest missionaries, but their church is a people who had long ceased to worship anything but themselves.

They have not yet been able to give up various doctrines and discard the woman who saw visions they refused, and she has declared the woman their pope instead.

Their cult had spread to all the districts of the country. When they refused to leave the churches in which their priests ministered there was war, with broken heads and lost lives.

When the Roman priests complained that the cult was openly favored her. Her followers, who kill people in the fight for churches, have been acquitted by Russian courts, and Roman priests are imprisoned for writing against her.

In 1902 she was arrested for incitement to riot, but her uncompromising attitude she had built thirty churches, with schools, which are now dotted over the country.

Hunger and Plague.

Herodotus learned from the Lydians that the plague which all began in Lydia, in a prolonged famine in Lydia. For some time they endured it, but at last they invented dice, fustian coats and all other games except drafts. One day they played these games so as to keep their minds off food; they sat there and food and did not play. This alternation of food and of which time, the situation still being desperate, half the population starved. One can only suppose that the ball game was not very athletic; otherwise the increased appetite given by them must have undone much of the saving.

The Way We Do Things.

We walk into our victuals. We run into debt. We run into jail.

We sit in a predicament. We go into the street. We go into prison.

We jump into a fight. We die into an enemy. We sink into a hole.

We leap into a net. We sink into a hole. We sink into a hole.

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PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Smoking during sleep is generally an evidence of some obstruction of the nasal passages. Possibly the person is suffering from inflammation of the mucous membrane, and, if so, he should consult his family physician.

It is a more serious matter if there is no sign of obstruction of any kind, then bandaging the mouth will sometimes do a good deal of good. Apply the bandage sufficiently snug to prevent the air from getting into the mouth. Bandage the same as you would for a broken jaw, taking pains to close the mouth or place pieces of court plaster over the mouth, shutting the lips tight together.

RARE SLEEPING PALM.

One That Was Brought Here From the South Sea Islands.

A specimen of the rare sleeping palm has been found in Golden Gate park, probably the only one in the United States. Curator Bureau of the park museum discovered it as he was walking in the park with his young son.

The tree, which was brought to this country forty years ago by a famous American botanist, William Robinson, grew for years in a greenhouse. It has a peculiarly strong fragrance and discovered the tree, whose upper branches were laden with a beautiful white flower, glowing forth a heavy perfume.

Around the base of the tree were the dead bodies of small animals and birds. Heron soon found the tree, and he found him, his son complaining of the same feeling.

It was found that the tree, which had originated from the island of the south sea islands, belonged to the species *Coccoloba ummabula*, or sleeping palm, which grows only once in fifty years and the flowers of which were formerly used as a drug by the islanders.

Samplings of the flowers have been sent to the medical department of the University of California, where a test will be made to discover the source of their peculiar properties—Exchange.

HELPING CHICAGO GIRLS.

Special Court, With a Woman Judge.

The working girl of Chicago is to have a special court, which is to be of the nature of an employment bureau and provide a place where a girl who is out of work and unemployed may come and tell her troubles to a woman judge, who will help her get work, not her own people, who will help her.

The court will be held in the city of the south sea islands, belonged to the species *Coccoloba ummabula*, or sleeping palm, which grows only once in fifty years and the flowers of which were formerly used as a drug by the islanders.

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The Porcelain Tower

Or How Two Americans Were Saved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dick Evans sat up in bed and sleepily rubbed his eyes. Again came a cautious knock at his door.

"Come in!" he called impatiently, and as the sleek head of his Chinese house boy appeared in the aperture he added, "What's the matter, Fan So?"

Fan So closed the door softly and slipped to the bed.

"Eim Smiles man boy bring chit. Hully up!"

Evans took the note and read the brief cipher message it contained.

Then he manifested a very successful yawn and dismissed the beady-eyed Chinese.

"Breakfast quick! Sabe, San Foo! Dunt out of here now!"

Fan So dunted out, or it might more aptly be termed as "melting from view."

Alone, Dick Evans worked with lightning rapidity. He was in and out of his bath in a jiffy, quickly dressed in fresh white linen and packing a few valuables in his pockets. When he left the room there was nothing that the valued contained therein, not even a scrap of paper.

After a hasty breakfast he left his bungalow and went down the Canton road toward the city. As the agent of a large importing house in Canton he preferred to avoid the suburbs of that rather unfriendly and seething city. His position was very uncertain. Five times had the agents of his house been driven away from the hostility of the natives and each time had they with courteous English doggedness returned to the scene of battle.

Now things were rather different. With the country in a state of revolution, south China warring against the northern provinces, it was only a question of days before he would be com-



THE DISGUISE WAS PERFECT.

peled to vacate not only his bungalow on the Canton road, but his offices in the city as well.

The blow had fallen this morning. The "chit" or note that he had sent him had contained a few words of warning. A company of soldiers bound north would leave the city at 6 o'clock, and that agent that their passage would be marked by robbery and perhaps worse.

Dick Evans was going to the house of his friend, James Smith, and together they might secure if they could reach the city, although it was whispered that all the traveled roads were infested with murderous bandits.

It was a good three miles to the Smith place, and when he reached it he found it quite deserted save for a fat portly sunning himself in the gateway of the compound. He gave forth curt answers to Dick's questions.

Five hundred yards beyond the compound gate Dick came to the old porcelain tower that is a historic feature on the Canton road. Built many centuries before as the private retreat of a rich mandarin, the exquisite porcelain paintings that adorned its inner walls are still undimmed. Now the tower was deserted save by bats and rats and it was whispered among the Chinese that dark haunted its many

stories.

As Dick passed the old tower there came the sound of a familiar voice—it was a whisper—that voice of James Smith, and it hastened Dick's steps toward the tower until he was standing in its tall shadow.

"Dodge in here, I'll tell you when I see you. Come up to the top floor!"

Dick cast a swift glance around the courtyard and saw not a human being. He darted into the deep shadows of the doorway and found himself at the foot of a winding, rickety stairway.

At last he reached the ninth floor, where Smith was waiting for him with pallid, drawn face and haggard eyes that had not known sleep for many hours.

"Out in here so I can close up the place. The rascals will be about our ears in no time!" he exclaimed. "You received my chit?"

"An hour ago. What are you doing here?"

"Wait. Come with me." Smith led the way to a door painted with an other red dragon and opened it, admitting his friend to the gloomy interior of a large room.

"Here we are, and here we remain until fate chooses to release us," said Smith gloomily as he faced Dick within the room.

"Have a light, can't you?" was Dick's first question.

Presently a lantern diffused soft light around the dusty room, which was lined with niches in each one of which was a rather battered idol. Except for a straw pallet on the floor, a jug of water and a bowl of rice, the room was empty.

"What are you doing here?" asked Dick.

"That our hip from a Chinese friend that he thought were to be held and burned today. I sent you word, and I've taken refuge here after making an observation from the pinnacle and seeing the brigades coming from another. Between the two forces our bones would be picked clean."

"After their place we can get away?" asked Dick thoughtfully.

"Maybe," smiled Smith, "provided they don't take it into their heads to level the tower to the ground."

"What we could give them a stiff scare. You know they are rather suspicious of this place."

"I know it. Give me time to think."

For a long time Smith sat on the floor with his head in his hands. At last he arose and uttered a triumphant "Ho!"

"He darted to a carved chest thrust in one corner and from it dragged stiff robes of yellow velvet, gold and dusty and almost falling to pieces with great age."

"If they hang along till dusk I think I can scare them stiff with this priestly garb," he chuckled. "You know one of the traditions connected with this place concerns an old priest of Buddha who starved himself to death in the tower in order to attain celestial rewards. The superstitious say that sometimes the spirit of this old priest comes back to the tower, hungry and forlorn, and cries for food and drink. I shall be that old priest for awhile. Watch me!"

When Smith's tall, gaunt frame was wrapped in the yellow robe and a black satin cap was stuck on his dark hair Dick confessed himself amazed at the resemblance to a Buddhist priest painted on one of the porcelain panels of the stairway. The disguise was perfect.

The two men sat and talked beside a tiny window that gave a view of the tower to the city.

"If they only wait until dusk we can scare 'em off, and then we can get away," Smith repeated over and over again.

The day wore on, and although they caught occasional glimpses of approaching soldiers, they did not make much progress, for there were much halting and disputing. It was almost twilight when a company of ragged soldiers stirred the thick white dust of the road near the porcelain tower.

"They're going to hit here, just as I thought. They're taking pot shots at the tower. See the ancient cannon they are dragging along."

Dick looked out and saw all the more for he noticed that they were preparing to load the cannon and guns were pointing it toward the porcelain tower.

"Deuce take it, we're in for it now!" muttered Smith.

"Get into your robes. Scare 'em off, man. You can do it. I know the Chinese like a book. They'll streak it if they see that old yellow back on the balcony of the tower." Thus Dick encouraged his friend while he looked Smith into the yellow robe.

While the guns were loading the cannon there came the sound of fierce cries from the south, and a band of battered brigades came racing through the dust of the road.

At the same instant Smith stepped through a door that led to a small balcony that encircled the tower and, lifting his arms in their flowing sleeves, shrieked down at them a mixture of American slang and old Chinese

now that buses the riotous crowd below.

How long he stood there he never knew, but his arms grew stiff and useless and his neck cramped with its rigid attitude.

The long silence of the crowd below was broken at last by a shrill scream of terror from a brigand. That was the signal for panic. In ten minutes the long dusty road was empty and a full moon smiled wanly over the place where superstition still held sway.

"Ten years from now this could not happen," said Smith as he entered the city that night with Dick beside him. "The last remnants of superstition and ignorance are flying northward this very moment lashed by their own fears. China has awakened, yawning and nodded off again for another forty winks. After that—well, we'll have to keep pretty wide awake to keep up with her."

Dick Evans, who saw a very profitable business going to the dogs, nodded ruefully. "There's just one consolation in the whole affair," he murmured, "and that is that it seems an excellent excuse for getting back into God's country again, and 'I'm going.'"

Training John.

A California woman in training a new Chinese servant to wait on the table had had her patience tried to the limit and present her card. The next afternoon a friend called and handed her card to the Celestial, who pulled out of his sleeve the card the daughter of the house had presented the afternoon before and carefully compared the two. "Flicks no match!" he exclaimed, handing back the victor's card. "He can come in!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Way of Modern Fathers.

"Yes, before papa would consent to my marrying George he insisted on looking up his past life."

"Mercy! That was bad."

"But he didn't go very far. He stopped just as he found that George was the only nephew of three rich uncles."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Natural Supposition.

"Johnny," the teacher asked, "can you tell me anything about Christopher Columbus?"

"He discovered America."

"Yes. What else did he do?"

"I s'pose he went home and lectured about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Reappearance.

"He (to wife at the piano).—That new place you are trying is pretty difficult, isn't it?"

"She—Yes. I feel like an aviator."

"He—How long have you been flying?"

"She—I'm trying to conquer the air—Boston Transcript.

The Tender Age.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"M-m-m's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"That's dear! Now, that's too bad."

"Yep. Ah, she p-promised—booooo—that I cud do it!"—Everybody's.

Ample Success.

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"What's the matter, little boy?"

RAFFLED HIS SALARY.

South African Official Has Won a Profitable Scheme.

A well-known statesman once said that no amount of legislation would stop a man from gambling. People would not stop at the slightest pretext and on the smallest things. They would even bet on a lump of sugar as they would settle on. That this is true of conditions at the present moment is exemplified by the rage for raffling which is now prevailing in Johannesburg and Pretoria.

When one has anything from a house to a bicycle, to dispose of the method of getting rid of it is that of raffling, and the American system is in great favor, and that is that the tickets run from a penny up to, say, ten or twenty shillings. In both of the latter mentioned there are dozens of people selling tickets for every conceivable article. Motor-cars, automobiles, suites of furniture, jewelry, etc., soon enter the unwary, and tickets are sold like wildfire.

The limit, however, has been reached by an official in the Palace of Justice, Pretoria, who recently hit upon the ingenious idea of raffling his salary, and incidentally augmenting his own income for the month. His salary was, say, £100, and he wrote out tickets which, when sold, brought him in £125. The drawing resulted in one of the messenger boys gaining the prize, much to the chagrin of the other men in the office. The money was, of course, paid over to the lad, who was much better equipped to handle himself. Such a windfall did not come his way every day. Typewriters, suitcases, and other articles of household furniture, the first prize being the main bedroom suite, and so on downwards to a set of pots or a pen of chickens. In selling the tickets, and so imbued with the gambling spirit are the local people, that they will fail to secure a prize they are not deterred in the least from "trying their luck."

Money Lending Scandals.

There seems every possibility that Lord Newton's bill to amend the Money Lenders' Act in Britain will become law very soon. "My bill," said his lordship, "will stop circulars being sent by money-lenders to money-lenders has a written request for one received within the preceding seven days. It would also prevent money-lenders from surreptitiously trading under an alias as they often do," and he proceeded to describe the prevalent practice which the bill will stop. A money-lender gets a client heavily into debt, and then the client when he does not know where to turn receives a circular from the money-lender, and then the money-lender, but really from the same man under an alias. The client gets into even deeper debt, and thus gets hopelessly into the money-lender's clutches. Everybody recognizes that such a bill is absolutely necessary in order to prevent the money-lending scandals which have been so frequent in London. As West-end solicitor explained to the writer the other day, young men of good family live beyond their income, receive quietly through the post tempting circulars, offering a loan on no apparent security, and think it is easy to borrow \$1,000 or \$1,500, unknown to their relatives, only to find that when the time comes to pay the end of twelve months or so.

Some Superstitions.

Civilization occasionally hears the story that the natives far in the interior of Papua have tails. Similar beliefs have been held in many parts of the world and many ages, sometimes from impressions of apes, sometimes from more or less pitiful credulity about a people's neighbors. For centuries it was a common gibe on the continent that Englishmen had tails. It originated from the story that the people of Canterbury or Strood, having moved at St. Thomas riding on a little ass and cut off his tail, were punished with the curse that henceforth all their boys should be born with tails. And the scoffs of other English men at the "Kentish long tails" referred to the whole nation, so that even in the time of Edward V. Englishmen abroad suffered from this taunt.

Monks 'Tik Cats.

Monasteries and convents seem naturally to breed cats. When Sir Henry Layard was at Mount Athos in 1845 he noticed the number of "bags," for they are called by the monks. One peculiarity struck him. The cats were almost as tall as if they were men, but it was informed by the monks that at their meals were carried to them in trays placed, Turkish fashion, on low stools, round which squatted those who ate. The cats, which were common at dinner and breakfast, were in the habit of sweeping off the viands and the wine glasses with their paws, which were consequently doctored.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the New York courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a number of barbaquades of an old lady when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark: "Think you have exhausted this witness?"

"Yes, Judge," she exclaimed. "I do feel very much exhausted."

Woman's World

Wife of Man Who May Be New York's Next Mayor



MRS. EDWARD R. MCCALL AND HER DAUGHTER.

Whatever may be the result of the coming municipal campaign for mayor of New York city, there is one wife of a candidate who is not fired with ambition at the prospect of being the wife of New York's chief executive. She is Mrs. Edward R. McCall, whose husband is the Democratic candidate.

"Whether or not I am to be the wife of the mayor," said Mrs. McCall recently, "I shall always be more proud of being the wife of Ed McCall."

When asked whether she believed in suffrage Mrs. McCall replied: "I cannot say the idea of women voting ever appealed to me. I believe in home life more than in outside work for women. I have always taken a strong interest in day nurseries, and I guess my club activities and there. I admit I am in sympathy with women going out and making speeches for suffrage when they are needed in their homes. I don't believe in their going to clubs when their homes suffer for it. All this may sound idealistic to the cause of women's advancement, but I cannot help thinking that woman is better off in the long run to let man take up the political fight. If she has made her home happy she has made a success of life. For the home to be one where love and contentment are found it must be one where the highest ideal prevails. That is the character of home I have tried to make for Mr. McCall and our children, and I know they are happy."

Mrs. McCall is not going to take any active part in her husband's campaign. There is one fact to which Mrs. McCall does conform.

"I think I have a wonderful collection of 'frocks,' she said. "It is not very large, but I think very good. That is my only weakness in the hobby line."

Offer Girls, Ladies!

Girls, after you begin to get down to your jobs regularly each morning there is one thing you want to learn thoroughly, and it's how to stop. Just Jessie Roberts to stop as soon as the hours of work are over, to put the lid on your business brain.

You can't make a better bid for an early breakdown than by lugging the worries and problems of the working day into the hours you have left for recreation and rest. No brain was ever built that could stand the grind of one thing day in and out.

Once in awhile there is some problem that really requires thinking over after hours, just as once in awhile you have to stay at the shop or office to clean up extra work.

Remember that, however important your job may be, you are, after all, yet more important, and though, if you are ambitious to get ahead, you need to take lots of trouble with your work, you mustn't forget to take some trouble with yourself.

If you catch yourself hurrying along with a rushed feeling inside you after the actual necessity to hurry is over it's time you took yourself in hand.

Go slow. Don't scamp and tear your nerves, and don't gulp your food, and especially don't go on turning over the same line of thought. The force of those who drop what has been filling it all the day.

Go to a movie, get hold of a jolly book, scan your chess card and play with you. Refuse to be bossed by your job, no matter how deeply you are interested in it. You can train yourself to stop working when working hours are over if you will, and it is a training that increases in value as your responsibilities increase. The lack of this power is one of the causes of those

ands of breakdowns among business women.

THE WINDOW AT THE WHITE CAT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

(Copyright)

(Continued)

It was Sunday, and I went to the office only long enough to look over my mail. In the afternoon I had my first conversation with Fred and Edith, while Margery and the boys talked quietly in the nursery. They had taken a great fancy to her and she was almost cheerful when she was with them.

Well, said Fred, what was it, Jack?

Suicide?

That's what I replied bluntly.

They said that was murder and that they would prove it. And they claim the police have been called off.

I said nothing of Mr. Lightfoot and his visit to the office, but I made a mental note to see the Post people and learn, if I could, what they knew.

I cannot help thinking that he deserved very nearly what he got. Edith broke in, looking much less vindictive than her mother. When one thinks of the ruin he brought to poor Harry Butler and that Ellen has been practically an invalid ever since, I can't be sorry for him.

What was the Butler story? I asked.

Henry Butler was treasurer of the state, and Mr. Fleming was his cashier, said Edith. I don't know just what the trouble was. But you remember that Henry Butler killed him after he set out of the penitentiary, and Ellen has been in the hospital after another. I would like to have her come here for a few weeks, Fred, she said appealingly. She is in some sanatorium or other now, and we might cheer her a little.

Fred groaned.

Have her if you like, pretty, he said, resignedly. What's the matter, Wardrop, Jack?

It looks to me as if the Times-Post reporter had a line on him.

Hush, Edith said softly. He is Markey's fiance, and she might hear you.

How do you know that?

Look at her engagement ring, Edith threw back triumphantly. And it's a perfectly beautiful sapphire.

I caught Fred's eye on me and made my escape as soon as I could on the plea of going out to the garden.

In the hall upstairs I met Margery.

I saw Bella, today, she said. Mr. Knox, will you tell me why you stayed up last night? What happened in the house?

"I thought," heard some one in the library, I stammered, but I found no one.

Is that all the truth or only part of it? she asked. Why do men always evade issues with a woman? Luckily, womanlike, she did not demand an answer.

She closed the nursery door and stood with her hand on the knob looking down at her feet.

I wonder what you believe about all this, she said. Do you think my father—killed himself?

Yes, I think so, I said. You know, if it were not for you, I could only tell me everything.

It seemed to me that he was right to know. I told her what had happened at the White Cat. She heard me.

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Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out catarrhs and purgatives. They are bread-and-butter-medicine.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, dissolve the bile, stimulate the bowels.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine with our Signature

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killed him?

Possibly.

In reply Burton fumbled in his pocket and brought up a pasteboard box filled with jeweller's cotton. Underneath was a small object, which he passed to me with care.

I got it from the coroner's physician, who performed the autopsy. He said casually. You will notice that it is a thirty-two, and that the revolver they took from Wardrop was a thirty-eight. Question. Where is the other gun?

I gave him back the bullet, and he rolled it around on the palm of his hand.

Little thing, isn't it? he said. We think you are lords of creation until we see a quarter grain bleichloride tablet or a bit of lead like this. Look here. He drew into his pocket again and drew out a roll of ordinary brown paper. When he opened it a bit of white chalk fell on the desk.

Look at that, he said dramatically. Kill an army with it, and they never know what struck them. Granule of potassium—and the druggist that sold it ought to be choked.

Where did it come from? I asked curiously. Burton smiled his cheerful smile.

It's a beautiful case all around, he said as he got his hat. I haven't had any Sunday dinner yet, and it's a lovely case. He handed me a card on the cashier of the bank Fleming ruined, took a bite off that corner right there, and he was gone.

(To Be Continued)

Native-Blessings on Mr. Carnegie. He gave us that fine free public library, sir.

Stranger—I am glad you appreciate it. You don't look like a reading man, either.

Native—I ain't, sir, but I've got the job of looking after the building, sir.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

A Pill that Proves its Value—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Dr. Minard's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the normal action of the stomach and the liver. "Gastritis" is which are most distressing. Dyspepsia are well acquainted with them and light them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other purgatives have failed and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

Fancy you grumbling about your food? I thought you said that your household looked well?

Yes, but I married her and now we keep a cook.

I'm the family doctor.

But I thought you were a veterinarian.

So I am. But then, you see, their family consists of a French terrier, a St. Bernard and a Chinese noodle.

Court House

Judge—Have you ever seen the prison out of this building?

Witness—Never, your honor; but I have seen him when I have strongly suspected he has been at it.

Maroon's word carries 2,000 miles. More than that, it carries conviction.

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Tea and Coffee

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their harm. A man can convince himself that whiskey is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whiskey or beer.

It's the same with tea and coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not tea or coffee—because they like it.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Western man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every year but try to persuade myself the cause is not tea or coffee—because they like it."

"My folks thought it was coffee that killed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headache stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on the tin) and I was cured. The difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my headache never returned."

From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee because it is a thing of the past and the whole family is in this health.

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in paper.

Postum now comes in two forms: Ready-to-Postum—must be boiled. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

Where is a reason for Postum?

The High Calling of Motherhood

demands the utmost precaution in maintaining the health at high efficiency.

It is doubly important and nothing in the world is so precious as the health of the mother.

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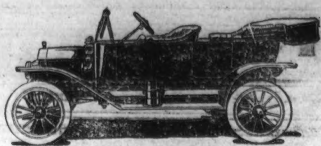
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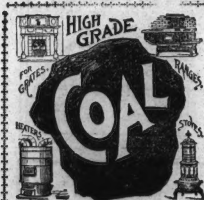
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ROBERT WHITEFIELD,
Printer and Publisher.

CROSSFIELD, ALTA., FEB. 5, 1914.

Dominion Department of Agriculture.

Dairy Branch.

"DAIRY ACRES"

While glancing over the results of the dairy herd competition given at the recent dairy convention, one could not help being struck by the yields - 7,317 pounds of milk: 214 pounds of fat per cow.

During the same session a chart was displayed indicating that some farms are producing very little milk. One was listed giving a yield of only 125 pounds of milk per acre.

When a dairy farm growing corn, oats, clover and alfalfa, and having pretty good pasture, it should not be very difficult to produce 2,000 pounds of milk per acre and at the same time increase the fertility of the soil. This system should yield an income of over thirty dollars per acre instead of the insignificant average of five dollars and seventy nine cents which was the average yield per acre cultivated including pasture given officially as the average return from five thousand cows in Ontario. The acres need not be idle more than the cows; are yours just common acres, or dairy acres?

The herd will average up better if the poor cows are weeded out. Do you know for certain which they are? You can easily detect them if you keep records on forms supplied free by the dairy division, Ottawa. State in your letter if you want forms for weighing every day, or only on three days per month. Is there any good reason why your cows should not average at least six thousand pounds of milk? Many men are getting this, and more, but they don't do it until they keep records and know which cows should be kept and which should not.

Keeping the Rural Teacher.

The problem of keeping a teacher in a rural school for any considerable length of time has been successfully met by a school in Ontario. Marden School, situated some four miles from Guelph, Ontario, during the seventy-one years since it was opened has been taught by only seven teachers: fifty-seven of these years make up the terms of three teachers, one of whom taught for twenty-nine years. This unusual record is due, in the opinion of the present teacher, to the fact that in connection with the school a comfortable residence for the teacher was built and a large garden and stable placed at his service.

The present teacher, P. H. Buchanan, Esq. writing in an Ontario Department of Education Bulletin, suggests that the Government might well give a special grant to schools building teachers' residences, which, in his opinion will help materially (1) to prevent the frequent change of teachers, (2) to secure regular attendance, (3) to make rural-minded rural teachers.

Ivor Lewis

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